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W. G. Nightingale

LIFE

OF

ABE LINCOLN,

OF ILLINOIS.

1860.

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LIFE OF ABE LINCOLN.

Abe Lincoln is his mother's son. He went across from Kentucky to Illinois on a flat boat to find one John Hanks, who taught him how to split rails. After he left that business, he went into the law and practised splitting halves. He is said to be an expert 'splitter,' anyhow, and his friends are now trying to get him to split the Union.

Abe is variously styled Abraham, Abram, Abe,

Abby, Old Abe, Honest Old Abe, and plain Abe Lincoln. His party call him 'Honest,' because he is the only white crow amongst them. He is over fifty years old, and over six feet in a pair of clean stockings. He lives in Springfield, Ill., in a very plain house, to correspond with himself. He does n't chew, nor drink, nor eat peannts, but *will* sometimes say 'damn,' and tell a queer story, such as ladies ought not to hear. They say he sits in his door

in his shirt sleeves, which makes him out a man of the 'smallest bottom' we know of. — hardly enough, we should think, to win the Presidential race.

Abe is a proper homely man, with dreadfully high cheek bones, and a mouth that looks as if it were cut 'from year to year.' When he laughs, people think they are at the entrance of the Mammoth Cave. He served in Congress, twelve years ago, and all he did was to 'aid and comfort' the

Mexicans as far as he could, in our war with them; his sympathies being limited by no country. Once, in the Illinois legislature, he shinned down a back window of the State House, to prevent a quorum and dodge a vote; probably this is why they call him '*Hon-est* Abe,' meaning to have spelled it '*Non est* Abe.' He does n't owe a man a dollar, and there's where he's right. He served in the Black Hawk War, riding a

genuine 'Black Hawk' mule at the head of his company, and so they nominated him at Chicago in a wigwam, thinking he must have Indian in him. When he learns of his defeat in November, he will make up such a wry face, they will have to call him then 'Rye-and-Indian.'

The great event of his life is, that he had the honor of being whipped, two years ago, by Douglas. His friends didn't quite see how the thing was done, and so they

coaxed him up to trying
it over again? He will
be whipped, this time,
worse than he was be-
fore. And this will be
the very last of the rash
man who would better
have stuck to the trade
John Hanks taught him!

We should have illus-
trated this volume with
his portrait; but found
it would have to be done
in cuts, the face being too
large to give all at one
time.

FINIS.